



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. XLVIII.

NEW SERIES, NO. XXIII.

---

JULY, 1825.

---

ART. I.—*United States Naval Chronicle*. By CHARLES W. GOLDSBOROUGH. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 395. Washington. 1824.

It is the common fate of events, however conspicuous they may have been, which have ceased to occupy the public mind, without having yet attained a place in history, to sink into temporary oblivion. Our regards are generally fixed on the present, or thrown back upon the remote past, like the memory of old age, which leaps over the interval between childhood and its latter days. We behold the occurrences rising around us, and we are deeply versed in the records of other times ; but few, save the grateful and the curious, recollect achievements, which are too old for popular enthusiasm, and too recent for deliberate history. Indeed, it is difficult to bring them into view. They exist in the scattered chronicles of their day, but mingled with a heterogeneous mass, appalling to common industry, awaiting the patient research of some laborious compiler, who will gather up the *disjecta membra*, and present them to the world with some degree of form and compactness. To appreciate our obligations to these assiduous chroniclers, it is only necessary to recall to mind the difficulty, which each one has probably experienced, in tracing back the connexion of modern events, that are still

floating in all the looseness and uncertainty of ephemeral publications.

There are no events connected with the early history of the United States, which have been more neglected, than those that took place on the ocean. The most juvenile reader is well acquainted with all the prominent battles and sieges of the revolution ; but a comparatively few persons have any distinct knowledge of the many gallant struggles of our infant navy. The all absorbing interest of the transactions on land, where the cause of liberty was chiefly sustained, diverted attention from the sea. Every one had a vague idea of the sanguinary triumphs of Paul Jones ; but there recollection seemed to pause ; forgetful of exertions, which, though often humble through inadequate means, spread annoyance through the wide commerce of Britain.

The first attempt to rescue these honorable and patriotic services from threatening oblivion, was made by Mr Clarke, in his *Naval History*, compiled during the late war. At that time, the navy of the United States, respectable in force and thorough in discipline, had drawn the public attention to its element, by a series of successes almost unexampled. Curiosity was broadly awake, and eager to turn back to the triumphs of its earlier days. Mr Clarke has succeeded in retrieving many materials from forgetfulness, which will be useful in illustrating our national history ; and he reviews several acts of heroism and enterprise, which might soon have passed beyond the reach of search. Mr Goldsborough, in his *Naval Chronicle*, whose title forms the head of this article, has trod in the same path, with the same laudable intentions. His account of revolutionary events is rather meagre and desultory ; but this, he says in his preface, did not form a part of his original plan ; it is therefore a gratuity, of the scantiness of which we have perhaps no right to complain. In descending to later times, when we were involved in difficulties with France, and particularly where he comes down to the Tripolitan war, he enters into a fulness of detail, which renders his volume a valuable repository of historical facts, and official statements.

During their colonial state, the North Americans were often engaged in maritime warfare, as auxiliaries in the enterprises of the mother country ; and in many of them, they were dis-

tinguished for their activity. Their zeal and sacrifices in these wars, waged generally for objects entirely distinct from their interest, evinced a heartiness and sincerity in their filial affection, which should have entitled them to a more grateful return. But these services, though repaid with contumely and injustice, were not without their benefits; they educated a hardy and expert marine, which was destined ere long for a higher duty, than that of abetting contentions arising out of transatlantic rivalries.

When at last the colonies, by their revolt, became separated from the mother country, they were at once deprived of all maritime protection. The fleets, which had before been stretched along their coast for defence, were suddenly converted into hostile armaments, already in possession of their harbors. Nothing remained with them, save the skill and moral energy, which had been acquired in former wars. It is a subject of surprise and admiration, that this revolt should have taken place, when the overwhelming maritime power of Britain was so well known; rendering her master of every avenue to the revolting country, and enabling her to transport her armies with such certainty and facility. It doubly enhances the boldness of the undertaking, and shows both the heaviness of the oppression, and the fearless character of the sufferers.

It would appear that, when resistance was contemplated by the colonies, a naval force was not taken into consideration. Such an idea might have been discouraged, by the utter hopelessness of contending with the mistress of the ocean. It was not until provoked by wanton aggressions upon their defenceless commerce, that they adopted measures of retaliation. These measures, for some time, were not the result of any executive or legislative authority, but sprang from the patriotic ardor of individuals or corporations. One of the most conspicuous of these incipient and spontaneous enterprises occurred at Machias, Maine, soon after the battle of Lexington. A vessel, which left Boston immediately after the 19th of April, carried to Machias the tidings of this first bloody aggression. The people in all quarters, goaded and exasperated, had waited but for this consummation of oppression, to break forth into fierce and resolute hostility. A forbearing spirit seemed to have restrained them under the most

powerful excitements, and had limited their opposition to the most scrupulous defence, until this aggravated violence released them from the last obligation. The moment this release was felt, a daring eagerness for action was manifested on every side.

A British armed schooner was at that time lying at Machias. Considering hostilities as now begun, a plan was immediately formed to capture the unsuspecting enemy. The first intention was to seize upon the officers of the schooner, while attending church on the following day, which was Sunday ; but this design was defeated by the vigilance or the activity of the officers, who made their escape to the vessel, and, after firing a few random shot at the town, dropped down the bay. Unwilling to lose the prize, a party of volunteers the next day took forcible possession of a lumber sloop, and immediately began pursuit. The whole equipment for this sudden cruise consisted, according to Mr Goldsborough, of three charges of powder and ball for twenty fowling pieces, 'thirteen pitchforks, ten or twelve axes, a few pieces of salt pork, &c.' No circumstance could more strikingly exhibit the reckless and confiding bravery of this little band, than that it should have been without any acknowledged leader, until the moment of overtaking the enemy ; when Mr Jeremiah O'Brien was chosen by unanimous consent. Unappalled by the disparity of force, he at once laid his sloop alongside of the schooner, and, after a short but severe contest, carried her by boarding. The British vessel is said to have had four six pounders, twenty swivels, two wall pieces, and an abundance of cutlasses, firearms, and ammunition, and a crew consisting 'of two commissioned officers, and thirtyeight petty officers and men.' The crew of the lumber sloop is stated to have been less than forty. With the armament of his prize, O'Brien fitted out a small vessel called the *Liberty*, and soon captured two other British armed schooners, sent out in pursuit of him, whose crews he conducted prisoners to Boston, where, upon the recommendation of General Washington, he was appointed a Captain by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. Returning to Machias, he soon manned two vessels, the *Liberty* and the *Diligence*, with volunteers, sailed for New Brunswick, and took by surprise Fort Howe, with its garrison and military stores, and a

loaded brig, lying in the harbor, which was destined for the British troops at Boston.

The declaration of Independence had not yet been made. There was still an opening for accommodation; a lingering allegiance still existed in the hearts of the multitude, and a willingness to discriminate between king and ministers; and while the contest was supposed to be only with the latter, measures seldom extended beyond a defensive character. A small fleet was, however, equipped by the general Congress near the close of the year 1775, with a view to more energetic operations. This first squadron that went forth upon the deep, in defiance of a power, whose immeasurable superiority gave it the character of a forlorn hope, consisted of the *Alfred*, thirty guns; the *Columbus*, twentyeight guns; *Andrew Doria*, sixteen guns; *Sebastian Cabot*, fourteen guns; and the *Providence*, twelve guns; and was under the command of Commodore Ezekiel Hopkins, who, hearing that the island of New Providence had large military stores unprovided with a proper defence, sailed thither, and succeeded in capturing the governor, the garrison, and stores. On his return, he made prize of a bomb brig; but failing in an engagement with the *Glasgow*, of twenty guns, which, after a gallant defence against the *Cabot* and the *Alfred*, made its escape from the fleet, he was much censured by his countrymen.

The beginning of the year 1776 was marked by many achievements, which were as honorable to the actors as serviceable to the country. The short and brilliant career of Captain Mugford of Boston attracts particular attention. We can hardly excuse Mr Goldsborough for having merely mentioned his name. According to Clarke's *Naval History*, this active and intrepid mariner was the master of a trading vessel, when he was appointed by General Ward, after much solicitation, to the command of the *Franklin*, a public armed vessel of four guns. It appears that General Ward, through want of confidence in him, which is not accounted for, subsequently intended to revoke the appointment; but Captain Mugford, through his indefatigable exertions, had already put to sea. His first prize was the *Hope*, a ship of 300 tons and six guns, which he captured in sight of the English Commodore, Banks. 'This vessel exceeded in value,' says Mr

Clarke, ' anything which had yet been captured by the Americans. Her cargo consisted of 1500 barrels of powder, 1000 carbines, a number of travelling carriages for cannon, and a most complete assortment of artillery instruments and pioneers' tools.' The unpreparedness, with which the colonies had begun the contest, rendered every acquisition of this kind of incalculable importance. In conducting his valuable prize to Boston, it was necessary, in order to avoid the British cruisers, to attempt a difficult and almost untried channel. He was successful in going up, but in coming down again shortly after, on another cruise, through the same passage, he ran aground, and while in that situation was discovered by the British squadron. Eight or nine barges were immediately despatched against him. Being aware of their approach, he first received them with his small arms, and then, cutting his cable so as to swing round, brought his broadside to bear ; but before a second discharge could be made, many of the boats had reached the vessel. All efforts to board, however, were promptly and successfully repelled. In the midst of this close and desperate struggle, Captain Mugford, while reaching over the quarter, to seize the mast of one of the boats and upset her, received a pistol ball in his breast. Undismayed by the mortal wound, he called to his first Lieutenant, ' I am a dead man ; do not give up the ship ; you will be able to beat them off ; ' and in a few minutes after expired. But his daring spirit still animated his crew ; the enemy was repulsed, with the loss of two barges, and many killed and wounded.

The name of Paul Jones has a kind of romantic familiarity with every American ear. Fireside tradition imprints upon the mind of almost every child, long before he dips into history, a vague idea of his desperate valor and sanguinary battles ; and when, in riper years, he ascertains the sober truth, he is surprised and somewhat disappointed, to find how many exaggerated notions he has to surrender. Paul Jones was appointed a lieutenant in the American navy at the beginning of the revolution, and sailed in that capacity under Commodore Hopkins to New Providence. After his return he was appointed to the *Providence*, twelve guns, and in 1776 was promoted to the rank of a Captain. While still in command of the *Providence*, he fell in with the British armed

vessel, *Solebay*, of twentyeight guns, and sustained an action with her for some hours, occasionally within pistol shot, and finally by his expertness extricated himself from her superior force. In the same cruise, he encountered the *Milford*, of thirtytwo guns, under circumstances which rendered an engagement unavoidable, and had a desultory and protracted fight with her, from ten o'clock in the morning until night, when he made his escape. Towards the close of the year Captain Jones was appointed to the *Alfred*, thirty guns, and sailed in company with the *Hampden* and *Providence*, on an enterprise against *Isle Royale*. He was separated by accident from his two consorts, but still persisted in his design, and not only succeeded in the principal object, but captured some prizes. On his voyage back to Boston, accompanied by one of these prizes, he again fell in with the *Milford*. By his skilful manœuvres he saved his prize, and had another long engagement with his old antagonist, which was terminated by a gale.\*

\* The best account of Paul Jones, which has appeared, is contained in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*. It was written by the Rev. Mr Duncan, near Dumfries, in Scotland, who was acquainted with the connexions of Paul Jones, and had access to all his papers. The following extract relates to his first entering into the American service.

‘ In the year 1773 he went to Virginia to arrange the affairs of his brother, who had died there without leaving any family, and about this time, in addition to his original surname, [his original name was John Paul,] he assumed the patronymic of Jones, his father’s christian name having been John. This custom, which is of classical authority, has long been prevalent in Wales, and in various other countries, although it is not practised in that part of the island in which he was born.

‘ This visit revived and riveted the attachment, which young Paul Jones had conceived for America; and in spite of the native ardor and restless activity of his mind, he resolved to withdraw from the vicissitudes of a seafaring life, to fix his residence in that country, and to devote the remainder of his days to retirement and study. He was little aware of the turbulent scenes, in which he was destined soon to perform a part, nor of the conspicuous figure he was to make in them.

‘ The discontents of the colonists had by this time occasioned much commotion, and their murmurs became deeper and more frequent, till at last they fairly broke off all connexion with the parent country. Towards the end of the year 1775, it was determined by Congress to fit out a naval force to assist in the defence of American independence, and an anxious search was made for friends to the cause, who should be at once willing and able to act as officers on board their vessels. It now appeared that Paul Jones had, in his romantic schemes of tranquil enjoyment, falsely estimated the natural bent of his genius. With deep interest he had watched the progress of those political events, which were to decide the fate of his adopted country; and when an open resistance was made to the dominion of Great Britain, he could no longer remain an inactive spectator. Having only just completed his twenty-



In 1776, Captain Nicholas Biddle was appointed to the *Randolph*, of thirtytwo guns. He stood in the foremost rank of his profession for seamanship and courage. He sailed the next year with a small squadron on a cruise, after having made many important captures. In March, 1778, he fell in with the *Yarmouth*, a British sixtyfour gun ship. As they did not approach each other till the close of day, it is probable that her force was not distinctly ascertained by the *Randolph*, before the action commenced. Captain Biddle, however, ranged alongside with a resolute fearlessness, determined to engage her, whatever might be her force. A severe conflict began after dark, in the early part of which, Captain Biddle is said to have been wounded. Unable to stand, he had a chair brought on deck, and continued to animate his crew by his presence. After sustaining this unequal fight for about twenty minutes, the *Randolph* blew up, involving in awful and instantaneous destruction her gallant commander, and all her valiant crew, excepting four men, who were discovered four days afterward by the *Yarmouth*, floating on a piece of the wreck. Captain Biddle was but twentyseven years of age, when he was thus abruptly cut off from his friends and his country. But his name would still have been gratefully remembered, even if a later war had not revived it, on the same element, in all its early glory.

During the same year 1778, Captain Daniel Waters, who had become distinguished for his nautical skill and activity, took command of the privateer *Thorn*, sixteen guns. Not many days after leaving port, he discovered two sail in pursuit of him. They proved to be the *Governor Tryon*, sixteen

eighth year, he was full of bodily vigor and of mental energy, and he conceived that his nautical skill would qualify him to be a distinguished asserter of the rights of the colonists. He was immediately appointed first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, one of the only two ships belonging to Congress, and on board that vessel, before Philadelphia, he hoisted the flag of independent America the first time it was ever displayed. In the course of a very active and successful campaign, having found means to gain the confidence of the marine committee by his zeal and intrepidity, he had not served many months before the president sent him a captain's commission.' *Ed. Encyc. Art. Paul Jones.*

At the conclusion of Mr Duncan's article he states, that 'among the admiral's papers were found *Memoirs of his Life*, written with his own hand, a most interesting literary production, which it is in contemplation with his friends to present entire to the eyes of the public.' It is understood that one of our countrymen is preparing a Life of Paul Jones, and it is to be hoped, that measures will be taken to procure these papers, as any life written without them must be comparatively imperfect.

guns, and the Sir William Erskine, eighteen guns. The unequal combat began, and was kept up for two hours, when the Tryon struck, and the Erskine drew off. After repairing damages, Captain Waters, leaving the Tryon a complete wreck, pursued the Erskine, and, coming up with her, compelled her likewise to strike. Removing her officers on board the Thorn, he returned in search of his other prize, but where he expected to meet her, he found only floating spars and casks, and other indications that she had sunk. Captain Waters then manned the Erskine and ordered her to Boston, retaining on board the Thorn only sixty men, with which diminished crew he was to run new hazards and acquire new laurels. For not many days subsequently, he encountered the Sparlin, eighteen guns and ninetyseven men, and after an action of about an hour obliged her to yield to his thrice conquering flag.

The following extract, from Clarke's Naval History, exhibits a striking instance of the shrewd daring of our early seamen, and their aptitude to convert unlucky circumstances into means of triumph.

'In June 1779, an expedition of United States vessels was fitted out, and sailed from Boston. It consisted of the Providence, thirtytwo guns, Commodore Whipple; the Queen of France, twentyeight guns, Captain J. P. Rathburne; and the sloop of war, Ranger, Captain Simpson. About the middle of July, near the banks of Newfoundland, as the squadron lay in a fog, signal guns were heard; and at intervals the sound of ships' bells striking the hours. From this they supposed themselves to be near a fleet. About eleven o'clock the fog began to clear off, when the crew of the Queen of France, to their great surprise, found themselves nearly alongside a large merchant ship, and soon after they perceived themselves to be in a fleet of 150 sail, under convoy of a seventyfour, and several frigates and sloops of war. The Queen of France immediately bore down to the large ship, and hailed her. She answered that the fleet was from Jamaica, bound to London. The English ship then hailed the American, and was answered, his majesty's ship Arethusa, from Halifax, on a cruise. The American then inquired if they had seen any rebel privateers. The English replied that several had been driven out of the fleet. The American Captain, Rathburne, then requested the captain of the English vessel to come on board, which he did, when, to his great astonishment, he found himself a prisoner. Captain Rathburne then sent one of his own boats and the English captain's

boat, both well manned, to the ship, of which they took quiet possession, without exciting the least alarm in the fleet, notwithstanding many of the vessels were nearly within hail of the one captured. Rathburne then went alongside another large ship and captured her in the same manner. Soon after the capture of the second ship, Commodore Whipple came alongside, and ordered Captain Rathburne to edge away out of the fleet as soon as possible, as he was persuaded they would be discovered and overpowered. Captain Rathburne then pointed out the two large ships he had captured, and requested permission to remain. The Commodore at first disapproved of this project; but was at length prevailed upon by Captain Rathburne to stay in the fleet all day, and capture as many vessels as they could in the same cautious manner. As soon as it was dark they left the fleet, after having captured eleven vessels without giving alarm. The squadron arrived safe in Boston with eight of their prizes, three of them having been retaken by the English.' vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

It is with sentiments of reluctance and mortification, that we turn from the foregoing series of brilliant little achievements, to an expedition which was as unfortunate and disgraceful in its conclusion, as it was promising and creditable in its beginning. The plan of expelling the British from Penobscot, in 1779, originated in the most ardent and disinterested patriotism, and there is not, perhaps, on record a more praiseworthy instance of spontaneous exertions and sacrifices, on the part of individuals, to cooperate with a necessitous government for the public good. Massachusetts, like ancient Sparta, who boasted that she had never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp, made it her boast that the enemy had never yet been able to maintain a foothold on her territory; and when the British took possession of Castine, she determined, at every sacrifice, to avenge the violated sanctity of her soil. The limited means of the state government were put to the severest requisition; and the general Congress was appealed to; but all these resources would have been insufficient, without the aid of the private wealth, which was surrendered to the use of government with such patriotic liberality. Three vessels, carrying in all fiftyeight guns, were obtained from the general government; three, carrying in all fortyfour guns, belonged to the state; the residue of the force, amounting to 224 guns, and 1760 men, was the offering of private munificence. Captain Saltonstall, as the senior

in rank, had the chief command. General Lovell commanded the land forces. Had he received a proper cooperation of the fleet, no doubt the objects of the expedition would have been fully attained. But incapacity or pusillanimity appears to have paralysed the directing power, and the troops, which had effected a landing and carried many of the enemy's batteries, after waiting in vain for assistance, were obliged at last to reembark, and escape with the squadron up the river, before an overwhelming force, which came to disturb their tardy operations. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the whole of this fleet was either taken or destroyed. There were several officers in the expedition, that had been conspicuous for their nautical experience and courage, who, chained down by the rules of subordination, saw their honors tarnished and their country disgraced, without the power of retrieving either. It is not the only instance, in which the high and paramount interests of a people have been jeopardized, by a punctilious adherence to the claims of rank, or a misplaced regard for individual feelings. We would not censure the orderly submission of the officers to their appointed chief, but the mistaken delicacy of government, which subjected them to such unworthy control.

During this year, Captain John Foster Williams, of the *Protector*, twenty guns, had an engagement with a vessel, which proved to be the *Admiral Duff*, thirtytwo guns, and which blew up after an action of an hour and a half. Commodore Preble was then a young midshipman on board the *Protector*, and we find him giving that early promise of future celebrity, which it is so delightful to trace back in an exalted character.

It was in this same eventful year, that Paul Jones, in the *Bonne Homme Richard*, forty guns, had his desperate and bloody action with the British frigate *Serapis*, fortyfour guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, twentytwo guns. The extraordinary obstinacy and carnage of this contest have given it a notoriety, and eclat, over all other naval actions of the Revolution. It was this, which surrounded his name with that kind of romantic splendor, that we have before alluded to, and which made it the burden of tradition as well as history. Mr Goldsborough gives but a brief account of the action, referring his readers to Clarke's *Naval History*, in

which the action is minutely described. The sinking of the *Bonne Homme Richard*, almost immediately after the victory, is a singular and somewhat affecting circumstance. We contemplate a hero, falling in the arms of victory, with the highest emotions ; we cannot regard a vessel with the same exalted sentiments ; but it is impossible to represent to ourselves an armed ship, going down with her triumphant flag waving over her, without some kindred feelings. The following anecdote, which Mr Goldsborough gives in a note, is very characteristic. ‘ When Captain Jones was in Paris, some short time after the action, he was informed that Captain Pearson [of the *Serapis*] had been knighted. “ Well,” said he, “ he deserved it ; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a Lord of him.” ’

It is with some unwillingness that we submit to the restrictions of our article, which oblige us to discontinue this very imperfect notice of the marine achievements of our Revolution. We shall not, however, lose our interest in the subject, by turning to a later era, when our navy had attained, under the new government, through the urgency of transatlantic difficulties, a comparatively respectable standing. In 1794 it was enacted by Congress, that ‘ a naval force should be provided,’ for the protection of our commerce ; and in pursuance thereof, four frigates of fortyfour guns, and two of thirtytwo, were put upon the stocks. We, who live in these days of settled independence, can scarcely credit the fact, that our commerce in the Mediterranean was at that time under the hired or gratuitous protection of Portugal, or some other foreign power ; and that an Algerine Dey did not condescend to assign any other reason for hostility against us, than ‘ that he wanted employment for his corsairs and soldiers, whose cupidity must be gratified.’ In 1796, a peace having been concluded with Algiers, the abovementioned act was so far modified, as to restrict the construction to two only of the fortyfour’s, and one of the thirtytwo’s. But it was not until 1798, that two of them, the *Constitution* and the *Constellation*, were completed and equipped for sea. At this time our relations with France had become distracted, and we were on the eve of a war with her. Indeed, all treaties with that country were soon after declared to be abrogated, and these vessels, as well as several others, which

were directed to be purchased or built in consequence of this event, were sent to sea with instructions to protect and defend our commerce.

The first act of hostility between the two nations appears to have been committed by the *Insurgente*; which was in a short period after so signally beaten by one of our frigates. The schooner *Retaliation*, Lieutenant Commandant Bainbridge, being deluded into the power of this vessel, was captured and carried into Guadaloupe. Several other United States armed vessels were in company with the *Retaliation*, and pursued by the French squadron, but were probably saved from capture, as stated by Mr Goldsborough, by the address of Lieutenant Bainbridge, who, being asked by the French Commodore what was the force of the vessels chased, exaggerated it with so much adroitness, as to induce him to recall his ships.

The *Constellation* went to sea under the command of Captain Truxton. In February, 1799, he encountered the *Insurgente*, and, after a close action of about an hour and a half, compelled her to strike. The rate of the *Constellation* was thirtytwo guns, that of the *Insurgente* forty. The former had three men wounded, one of whom shortly after died, and none killed; the latter had fortyone wounded, and twenty-nine killed. This victory, which was so brilliant and decisive, with such a wonderful disparity of loss, gave great eclat to the victor and to the navy. We recognise among the subordinate actors in this triumph, the names of Rodgers, Sterrett, and Porter, which have since become well known to the nation.

Commodore Truxton again put to sea in the *Constellation*, being destined to renew his triumphs, and the humiliation of the foe. In February, 1800, he fell in with the *Vengeance*, a French ship of fiftyfour guns, with which he began an engagement, that lasted, with great obstinacy and spirit on both sides, from eight o'clock in the evening till one in the morning, when the *Vengeance* was completely silenced, and sheered off. The *Constellation*, having lost her mainmast, was too much injured to pursue her, before she had made her escape. The Captain of the *Vengeance* is said to have twice surrendered during the contest, but his signals were not understood amidst the darkness of night, and the confusion of the battle. The *Vengeance* had 160 men killed and wounded; the *Constellation* 39.

In September of the same year, the *Insurgente*, so honorably added to our little navy, and the *Pickering*, of fourteen guns, the former commanded by Captain Fletcher, the latter by Captain Hillar, were lost in the equinoxial gale of that season. Our readers are probably reminded, by these melancholy events of earlier times, of the more recent similar fate of the *Wasp* and the *Epervier*. There were circumstances attending the loss of Captain Blakely, who commanded the *Wasp*, which rendered it peculiarly affecting and impressive. Captain Blakely had long sailed his daring little bark over the broad Atlantic, like a knight errant of the deep, in quest of perilous adventures; and had already captured the *Reindeer*, and obliged the *Avon* to strike her flag, both vessels of the same class with the *Wasp*; when he disappeared from the face of the waters, and our record is suddenly brought to a close. The mind long clings to a hope, that such noble spirits may yet survive, may yet return to their native land; and it surrenders its delusions only to the indisputable evidence of time.

Our difficulties with France were soon after accommodated. But our navy was not destined to be inactive. Some of the Barbary powers were becoming hostile and predatory. Many of our citizens were already suffering in a captivity, the most deplorable to which Christians could be subjected. A squadron was sent out to the Mediterranean, which found Tripoli in open war. The *Enterprise*, of fourteen guns, Captain Sterrett, fell in with a Tripolitan ship of war of equal force. The action continued three hours and a half, the Corsair fighting with great obstinacy and even desperation, when she struck, having lost fifty killed and wounded, while the *Enterprise* had not a man injured. In 1803, Commodore Preble assumed the command of the Mediterranean squadron, and after humbling the Emperor of Morocco, who had begun a covert war upon our commerce, concentrated most of his force before Tripoli. The frigate *Philadelphia*, Captain Bainbridge, by an unforeseen and inevitable accident, had already been captured by the Tripolitans.

This misfortune, which threw a number of accomplished officers and a valiant crew into oppressive bondage, and which shed a gloom over the whole nation, as it seemed at

once to increase the difficulties of a peace an hundred fold, was soon relieved by one of the most daring and chivalrous exploits, that is found on our naval annals. Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, then one of Commodore Preble's subalterns, proposed a plan for recapturing or destroying the Philadelphia. The American squadron was at that time lying at Syracuse. Agreeably to the plan proposed, Lieutenant Decatur, in the ketch Intrepid, four guns and seventyfive men, proceeded, under the escort of the Syren, Captain Stewart, to the harbor of Tripoli. The Philadelphia lay within half gun shot of the Bashaw's castle, and several cruisers and gunboats surrounded her with jealous vigilance. The Intrepid entered the harbor alone, about eight o'clock in the evening, and succeeded in getting near the Philadelphia, between ten and eleven o'clock, without having awakened suspicion of her hostile designs. This vessel had been captured from the Tripolitans, and, assuming on this occasion her former national appearance, was permitted to warp alongside, under the alleged pretence, that she had lost all her anchors. The moment the vessel came in contact, Decatur and his followers leaped on board, and soon overwhelmed a crew, which was paralysed with consternation. Twenty of the Tripolitans were killed. All the surrounding batteries being opened upon the Philadelphia, she was immediately set on fire, and not abandoned until thoroughly wrapped in flames; when, a favoring breeze springing up, the Intrepid extricated herself from her prey, and sailed triumphantly out of the harbor amid the light of the conflagration. Not the slightest loss occurred on the side of the Americans, to shade the splendor of the enterprise. We find the cherished names of Lawrence and Morris among this gallant band, the latter of whom, then a midshipman, is said to have been the first to follow his impatient leader into the Philadelphia.

In July of this year, 1804, Commodore Preble brought together all his forces before Tripoli, determined to try the effect of a bombardment. The enemy having sent some of his gunboats and galleys without the reef, at the mouth of the harbor, two divisions of American gunboats were formed for the purpose of attacking them, while the large vessels assailed the batteries and town. On the 3d of August, this plan was put in execution. The squadron approached within gun



shot of the town, and opened a tremendous fire of shot and shells, which was as promptly returned by the Tripolitan batteries and shipping. At the same time the two divisions of gunboats, the first under the command of Captain Somers, the second under Captain Stephen Decatur, who had been promoted as a reward for his late achievement, advanced against those of the enemy. The squadron was about two hours under the enemy's batteries, generally within pistol shot; ranging by them in deliberate succession, alternately silencing their fires, and launching its thunders into the very palace of the Bashaw; while a more animated battle was raging in another quarter. Simultaneously with the bombardment, our gunboats had closed in desperate conflict with the enemy. Captain Decatur, bearing down upon one of superior force, soon carried her by boarding, when, taking his prize in tow, he grappled with another, and, in like manner, transferred the fight to the enemy's deck. In the fierce encounter which followed this second attack, Captain Decatur, having broken his sword, closed with the Turkish commander, and, both falling in the struggle, gave him a mortal wound with a pistol shot, just as the Turk was raising his dirk to plunge it into his breast. Lieutenant Trippe, of Captain Decatur's squadron, had boarded a third large gunboat, with only one midshipman and nine men, when his boats fell off, and left him to wage the unequal fight of eleven against thirtysix, which was the number of the enemy. Courage and resolution, however, converted this devoted little band into a formidable host, which, after a sanguinary contest, obliged the numerous foe to yield, with the loss of fourteen killed and seven wounded. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, and had three of his party wounded, but none killed.

Our limits forbid us to follow up the animated details of the several bombardments and attacks, which succeeded each other at intervals throughout the month. Day after day death and devastation were poured into Tripoli with unsparing perseverance, each attack exhibiting instances of valor and devotedness, which will give lustre to history. The eyes of Europe were drawn to the spot, where a young nation, scarcely emerged into notice, was signally chastising the despotic and lawless Infidel, to whom some of her most powerful governments were then paying tribute.

On the 4th of September, Commodore Preble, in order to try new experiments of annoyance, determined to send a fireship into the enemy's harbor. The *Intrepid* was fitted out for this service, being filled with powder, shells, and other combustible materials. Captain Somers, who had often been the emulous rival of Decatur in the career of glory, was appointed to conduct her in, having for his associates in the hazardous enterprise, Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, all volunteers. The *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Nautilus* were to convoy the *Intrepid* as far as the mouth of the harbor. Captain Somers and Lieutenant Wadsworth made choice of two of the fleetest boats in the squadron, manned with picked crews, to bring them out. At eight o'clock in the evening, she stood into the harbor with a moderate breeze. Several shot were fired at her from the batteries. She had nearly gained her place of destination, when she exploded, without having made any of the signals previously concerted, to show that the crew was safe. Night hung over the dreadful catastrophe, and left the whole squadron a prey to the most painful anxiety. The convoy hovered about the harbor until sunrise, when no remains could be discovered either of the *Intrepid* or her boats. Doubt was turned into certainty, that she had prematurely blown up, as one of the enemy's gunboats was observed to be missing, and several others much shattered and damaged. Commodore Preble, in his account, says, that he was led to believe, 'that those boats were detached from the enemy's flotilla to intercept the ketch, and without suspecting her to be a fireship, the missing boats had suddenly boarded her, when the gallant Somers and the heroes of his party, observing the other three boats surrounding them, and no prospect of escape, determined at once to prefer death, and the destruction of the enemy, to captivity and torturing slavery, put a match to the train leading directly to the magazine, which at once blew the whole into the air, and terminated their existence;' and he adds, that his 'conjectures respecting this affair are founded on a resolution, which Captain Somers and Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel had formed, neither to be taken by

the enemy, nor suffer him to get possession of the powder on board the *Intrepid*.\*

Soon after these events, Commodore Preble gave up the command in the Mediterranean to Commodore Barron, and returned to the United States. His eminent services were enthusiastically acknowledged by his admiring fellow citizens, as well as those of his associates in arms, 'whose names,' in the expressive language of the resolve of Congress on the occasion, 'ought to live in the recollection and affection of a grateful country, and whose conduct ought to be regarded as an example to future generations.'

The present volume of Mr Goldsborough follows the growth and history of our navy, down to the peace with Tripoli, in June, 1805, where his narrative ends. The residue of the volume is devoted to several miscellaneous topics, which are of particular interest to the navy, and to those who seek instruction on the subject. We should perhaps have been better pleased, had the narrative been continued, to the exclusion of these materials, which might have found a more appropriate place in works of a less popular character. They are, however, important to nautical men, and it may be well to compress such information within a small compass, for more easy reference. From Mr Goldsborough's preface, it would appear, that he had adopted his method of arranging events, from a belief that it was an improved one. It may be so, for those who are desirous of only viewing detached events, without any of their concomitants; but we suspect, that readers in general will be confused and dissatisfied with his frequently suspended and returning narrative. There is a regularity and connexion in the sequence of events, which can hardly be violated with any prospect of advantage; and we apprehend that whenever biography is departed from, it is best to adhere to a strict chronological order.

Mr Goldsborough has still a bright era before him; ample materials for many an interesting chapter, without drawing

\* *Naval Chronicle*, p. 237.—We are the more inclined to coincide with Commodore Preble in his conjectures respecting this catastrophe, from reading the note which Mr Goldsborough subjoins to this detail. It is too long for us to insert; and we know not that we are desirous of increasing its publicity, exhibiting, as it does, such an appearance of bloodthirstiness on one side, and such a reckless spirit of self destruction on the other.

too liberally from documents or the statute book. Every American will be eager to see a detailed and complete account of the actions of our navy, during the late war. It will exhibit a series of brilliant achievements, such as no other part of our national history presents, and we hope the author will persevere, and be successful in setting these forth under their true aspect to the public eye.

---

ART. II.—*Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By the late THOMAS BROWN, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 4 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1820. First American Edition, Andover, 1820, 3 vols. 8vo. Second American Edition, Philadelphia and Charleston, S. C. 1824, 3 vols. 8vo.

DR BROWN'S posthumous work, the title of which we have prefixed to the present article, consists of one hundred Lectures. We have already given to our readers the substance of fiftyone, in our review of a Sketch,\* drawn up by the lecturer himself, for the use of those who attended his class. As this is the last time that we shall formally present him to the public, we shall subjoin to our concluding rapid analysis of his philosophical works, such notices as we have been able to obtain respecting his life and character, together with a few summary criticisms on his genius and writings.

It will be remembered, that he first arranged all the mental phenomena into two general divisions, viz. the External Affections of the mind, and its Internal Affections. The former comprehended our sensations, including our muscular feelings; the latter involved our intellectual states of mind, together with our emotions. We exhausted the analysis of the first division, and proceeded as far as through the intellectual states in the second. The Emotions remain now to be considered, before completing the author's system of the Physiology of the Mind.\*

He declines venturing on a definition of Emotions, affirming that the attempt would be as truly impossible, as to define

\* North American Review, No. XLIV.